

Ike Turner

Dre Dog

(Juss woke up, head hurt...)
Sorry Ike, I was only tryin to help you
You? Tryin to help Ike?

Snatchin the bitches in the headlock
It's that nigga the M-A-C-1-0 and Dre Dog straight doggin
Punk bitches we be hoggin
It's me that nigga that post in the corner with a dunce hat
But fuck that
These hoes got a nigga on skitzo so Dre Dog, get way back
And I be, that nigga I-K-E, and we know who you gonna play
So sit back and be O.J.
For now, we gonna plot and premeditate this murder
I heard a nigga say that you can't fuck with Ike Turner
So I'm gonna be that nigga who put these hoes out
Blacked out, locced out
Ready to go all out
And rip a heffa's grill out
So spill out your brains bitch, all over the carpet
I was in the market, you got caught as a target
Now fuckin mine you see the eye of me and you say gansta
Gangsta, that's what they be yellin for me
That nigga I-K-E nigga aka murder
That nigga Ike Turner

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You? Tryin to help Ike?
Sorry Ike, I was only tryin to help you
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Stirrin, yeah I'm gonna stir this shit like coffee
You hoes that wanna be bossy can't ball Mac cause I will off the
Like skill kill blood will be runnin off the table
The black bald headed captain's back so now you got to prey for
Your life as you look into the face of M-A-C
But you don't see me you juss see the M-I-R-A-G-E of me
And my ax as i crizack your back
For fuckin with the Mac, you dirty ass rat
See, I could be a good guy
I'd rather be a bad guy, and look deep in your izeye
Before I see you dizeye
You can fetch a dolla, I love when I hear hoes holla
And they choke, from my hands around they collar
The Graveyard is back and, I'm in all black and
My eyes all bloodshot, cause death got me locked
So, I'm ready to snap and, Dre can't hold me back and
Cause I'm too far gone nigga too far gone
My baby mama hates me, I choked her till she couldn't breath
And tightened up, until I seen her nose bleed
I told you on Dre's album choke em until they color switch
Juss call me (cleana man, love to see your body twitch
I'm a crazy lunatic man, a murder man
But you can juss call me Mac 10
So don't cross me cause you will be offed G
Dre and Mac 10 nigga gone out the dark

I be that nigga that be the mothafucka here

The mothafucka there
Knock a Tina out and have her sleepin like a bear
In the winter, you lookin for the dragon then enter
I'm warning ya, slapping you like President Abaloneya
So now, this indo got me snappin like an alligator
Take her up and down like a mothafuckin elevator
Serve em, I gotta get the mothafuckin money (right)
Then hit em with the force of a car crash dummy
These hoes will have a muthafuckas heart on cold
Stoppin mothafuckas like 4th and goal
And on 4th and goal, I'm legit for the blitz
But I'm gonna set up in the middle for an LT hit like bam
Bitch you think I give a God damm?
Breakin backboards on 180 jams
You little heffa, I'm breathin down your mothafuckin neck
With reactions like a black hero Vietnam vet
Upset, like you lost a fuckin million dollar check
To a heffa who's name was tattooed on his neck